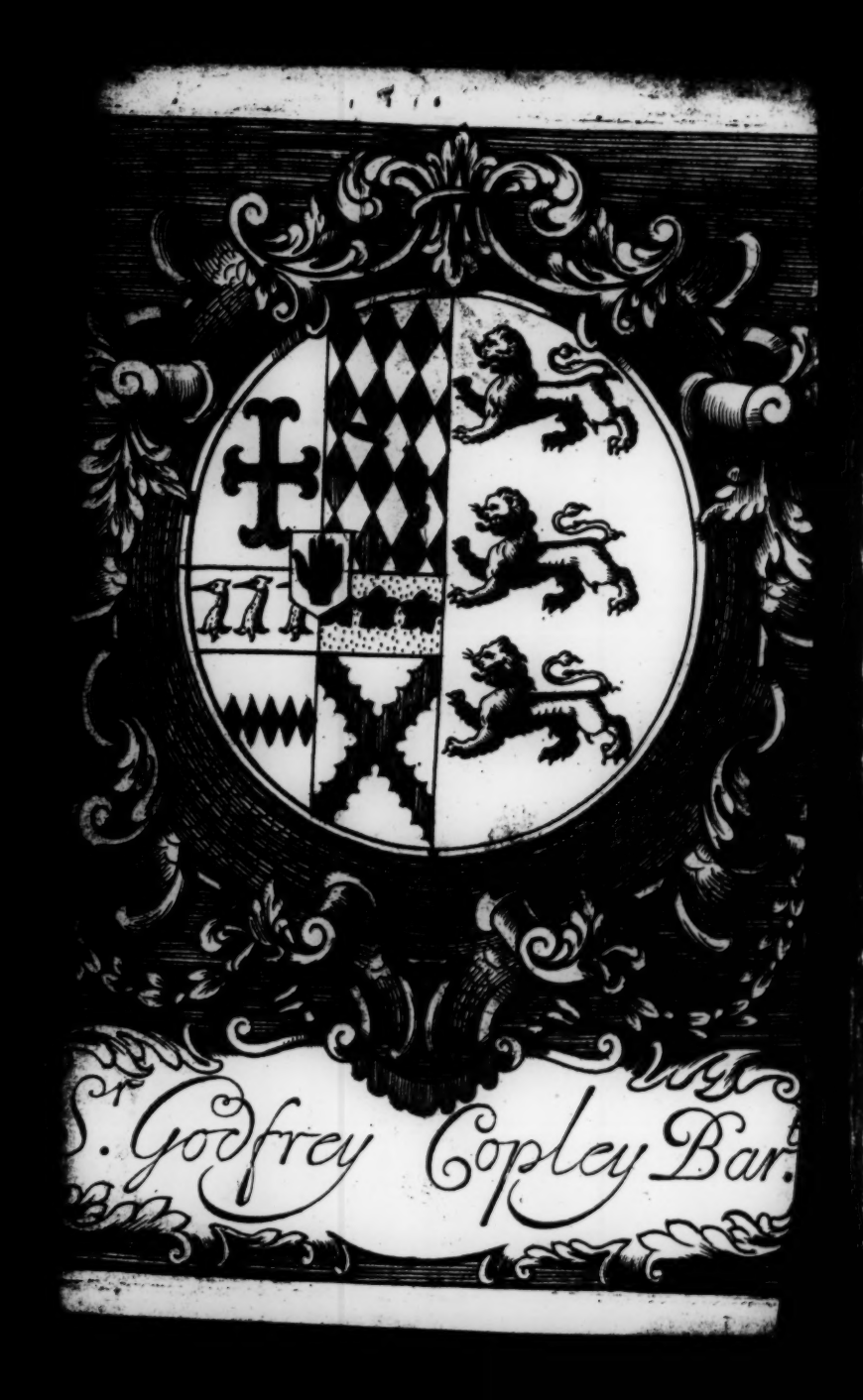
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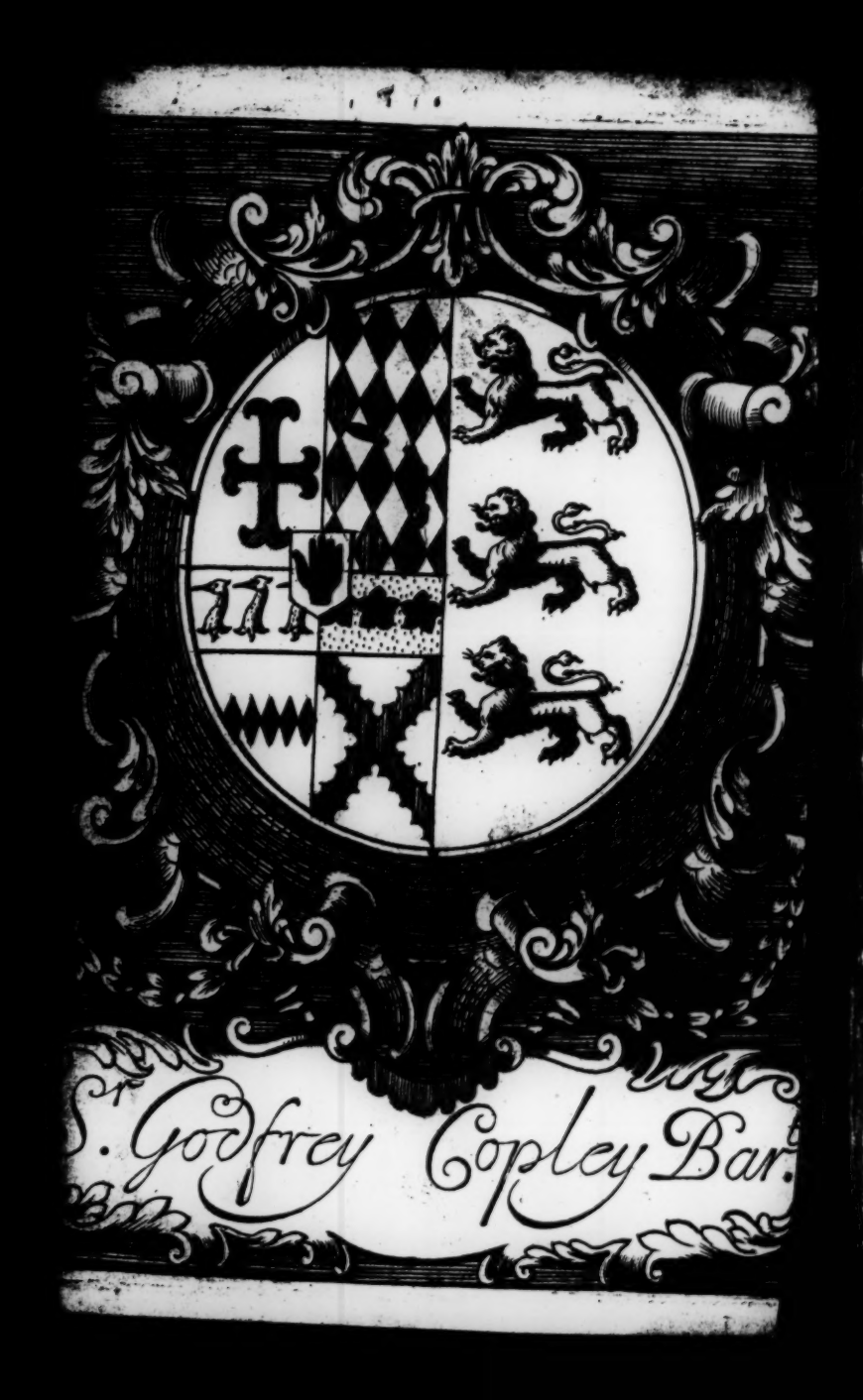
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THE

Lucky Miſtake:

A New

NOVEL.

Written by Mrs. *A. Behn.*

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Bentley* at the *Poſt-Houſe* in *Ruſſel-Street* in *Covent Garden*. 1689.

TO

George Greenviel *Esq*;

SIR,

AT this Critical Juncture, I find the Authors will have need of a Protector, as well as the Nation, we having peculiar Laws and Liberties to be defended as well as that, but of how different a Nature, none but such Judges as you, are fit to determine; whatever our Province be, I am sure it should be Wit, and you know what Ellevated Ben *says,* That none can judge of Wit but Wit. *Let the* Heroes *toyl for Crowns and Kingdoms, and with what pretences they please. Let the*

Slaves

Slaves of State drudge on for false and empty Glories, troubling the repose of the World and ruining their own to gain uneasy Grandure, whilst you, Oh! happyer Sir, great enough by your Birth, yet more Illustrious by your Wit, are capable of enjoying alone that true Felicity of Mind, which belongs to an absolutely Vertuous and Gallant Man, by that, and the lively Notions of Honour Imprinted in your Soul, you are above Ambition, and can Form Kings *and* Heroes, *when 'ere your delicate Fancy shall put you upon the Poetical Creation.*

You can make those Heroes *Lovers too, and inspire 'em with*

a Language ſo Irreſiſtable as may inſtruct the Fair, how eaſily you can Conquer when it comes to your turn, to plead for a Heart, nor is your delicate Wit the only Charm; your Perſon claims an equal ſhare of Graces with thoſe of your Mind, and both together are capable of rendering you Victorious, whereever you ſhall pleaſe to Addreſs 'em, but your Vertue keeps you from thoſe Ravages of Beauty, which ſo wholly imploy the hours of the Reſt of the Gay and Young, whilſt you have buſineſs more ſollid, and more noble for yours.

I would not by this have the World imagine, you are therefore exempt

exempt from the tenderneſs of Love, it rather ſeems you were on purpoſe form'd for that ſoft Entertainment, ſuch an Agreement there is between the Harmony of your Soul and your Perſon, and ſure the Muſes, *who have ſo divinely inſpir'd you with Poetic Fires, have furniſht you with that Neceſſary, Material (Love) to maintain it, and to make it burn with the more Elevated Flame.*

'Tis therefore Sir, I expect you will the more eaſily Pardon the the Dedicating to your idler hours (if any ſuch you have) this little Amour, all that I ſhall ſay for it, is, that 'tis not Tranſlation but

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an Original, that has more of realty then fiction, if I have not made it fuller of intreague, 'twas becauſe I had a mind to keep cloſe to the Truth.

I muſt own, Sir, the Obligations I have to you, deſerves a greater teſtimony of my reſpect, then this little peice, too trivial to bear the honour of your Name, but my increaſing Indiſpoſition makes me fear I ſhall not have many opportunities of this Kind, and ſhou'd be loath to leave this ungrateful World, without acknowledging my Gratitude more ſignally then barely by word of Mouth, and without wiſhing you all the happineſs your merit and admirable

admirable Vertues deserve, and of assuring you how unfeignedly I am (and how Proud of being)

Sir,

Your most obliged and

most humble Servant,

A. Behn.

THE FIRST

NOVEL.

The Luckey Miſtake.

THE River *Logre* has on its delightful Banks abundance of handſome Beautiful and Rich *Towns* and *Villages*, to which the Noble Stream adds no ſmall Graces and Advantages, bleſſing their Fields with plenty, and their Eyes with a thouſand Diverſions. In one of theſe happily ſituated Towns, called *Orleance*, where abundance of Peo-

ple of the beſt Quality and Condition reſide. There was a Rich Nobleman now retir'd from the buſie Court, where in his Youth he had been bred, wearyed with the Toyls of Ceremony and Noiſe, to injoy that perfect Tranquillity of Life, which is no where to be found, but in retreat, a faithful Friend and a good Library; and as the admirable *Horace* ſays, in a little Houſe and large Gardens, Count *Bellyard*, for ſo was this Noble Man call'd, was of this Opinion, and the rather becauſe he had one only Son, *call'd Rinaldo* now grown to the Age of Fifteen, who having all the Excellent Qualities and Grace of Youth, by Nature; he would bring him up in all Vertues and Noble Sciences, which he believed the Gayety and Luſtre of the Court might divert: he therefore in this retirement ſpar'd no Coſt, to thoſe that could inſtruct

and

and accompliſh him, and he had the beſt Tutors and Maſters that could be purchaſed at Court: *Bellyard* making far leſs account of Riches than of fine Parts. He found his Son was capable of all Impreſſions, having a Wit ſuitable to his delicate Perſon, ſo that he was the ſole Joy of his Life, and the Darling of his Eyes.

In the very next Houſe, which joyned cloſe to that of *Bellyard*'s there lived another Count, who had in his Youth been baniſht the Court of *France* for ſome miſunderſtandings, in ſome high Affairs wherein he was concern'd, his Name was *De Pais*, a Man of great Birth, but no Fortune; or at leaſt one not ſuitable to the Grandeur of his Original. And as it is moſt Natural for great Souls to be moſt proud, (if I may call a handſome Diſdain by that Vulgar Name) when they are moſt depreſt, ſo *De Pais* was more retir'd, more eſtrang'd

from his Neighbours, and kept a greater distance, than if he had Enjoy'd all he had lost at Court, and took more Solemnity and State upon him, because he would not be subject to the reproaches of the World, by making himself familiar with it. So that he rarely visited, and was as rarely visited; and contrary to the Custom of those in *France*, who are easie of excess, and free of conversation, he kept his Family retir'd so close, that 'twas rare to see any of 'em, but when they went abroad, which was but seldom, they wanted nothing as to outward appearance, that was fit for his Quality, and was much above his Condition.

This old Count had two only Daughters, of exceeding Beauty, who gave the Generous Father ten thousand Torments, as often as he beheld them, when he consider'd their Extream Beauty, their fine

fine Wit, their Innocence, Modeſty, and above all, their Birth; and that he had not the Fortune to marry them according to their Quality; and below it he had rather ſee 'em laid in their ſilent Graves, then conſent to; for he ſcorn'd the World ſhould ſee him forced by his Poverty, to commit an Action below his Dignity.

There lived in a Neighbouring Town, a certain Nobleman, Friend to *De Pais*, call'd Count *Vernole*; A man of about forty Years of Age, of low Stature, Complexion very black and ſwarthy, lean, lame, extream proud and haughty; extracting of a Deſcent from the Blood Royal, not extreamly brave, but very glorious; he had no very great Eſtate, but was in Election of a greater, and of an Addition of Honour from the King, his Father having done moſt worthy Servi-

ces againſt the *Hugonots*, and by the high Favour of *Cardinal Mazarine* was repreſented to his Majeſty, as a Man related to the Crown, of great Name but ſmall Eſtate; ſo that there was now nothing but great Expectations and Preparations in the Family of Count *Vernole* to go to Court, to which he dayly hop'd an Invitation or Command.

Vernole's Fortune being hitherto ſomething akin to that of *De Pair*; there was a greater Correſpondency between theſe two Gentlemen, then they had with any other Perſons; They accounting themſelves above the reſt of the World, believ'd none ſo proper and fit for their Converſation, as that of each other; ſo that there was a very particular Intimacy between them, whenever they went abroad, they club'd their Train, to make one great Show, and were always together, bemoaning

bemoaning each others Fortune; that from ſo high a Deſcent, as one from Monarchs, by the Mothers ſide, and the other from *Dukes* of his ſide, they were reduc'd by Fate, to the degree of Private Gentlemen. They would often conſult how to manage Affairs moſt to Advantage, and often *De Pais* wou'd ask Councel of *Vernole*, how beſt he ſhould diſpoſe of his Daughters, which now were about their Ninth Year the Eldeſt, and Eight the Youngeſt; *Vernole* had often ſeen theſe two Buds of Beauty, and already ſaw opening in *Atlante's* Face and Mind (for that was the Name of the Eldeſt, and *Charlot* the Youngeſt) a Glory of Wit and Beauty; which cou'd not but one Day diſplay it ſelf with Dazling Luſtre to the wondering World

Vernole was a great *Vertuoſo*, of a Humour, Nice, Delicate, Critical and Opiniative; he had

nothing of the *French mein* in him, but all the Gravity of the *Don*; his ill Favour'd Perſon, and his low Eſtate, put him out of Humour with the World, and becauſe that ſhould not upbraid or reproach his Follies and Defects, He was ſure to be before hand with that, and to be always Satyric upon it, and lov'd to live and act contrary to the Cuſtom and Uſage of all Mankind beſides.

He was infinitely delighted to find a Man of his own Humour in *De Pais*, or at leaſt a Man that would be perſwaded to like his ſo well, to live up to it; and it was no little Joy and Satisfaction to him to find, that he kept his Daughters in that Severity, which was wholly agreeable to him, and ſo contrary to the Manner and Faſhion of the *French* of Quality; who allow all Freedoms, which to *Vernole's* rigid Nature, ſeem'd

as

as ſo many Steps to Vice, and in his Opinion, the Ruiner of all Vertue and Honour in Woman kind. *De Pais* was extreamly glad his conduct was ſo well interpreted which was no other in him, than a proud Frugality; who, becauſe they could not appear, in ſo much Gallantry, as their Quality requir'd, kept 'em retir'd, and unſeen to all, but his particular Friends, of which *Vernole* was chief.

Vernole never appear'd before *Atlante* (which was ſeldom,) but he aſſum'd a Gravity and Reſpect, fit to have entertain'd a Maid of twenty, or rather a Matron, of much greater Years and Judgment. His Diſcourſes were always of Matters of State or Phyloſophy; and ſometimes when *De Pais* would laughing ſay, he might as well entertain *Atlante*, with *Greek* and *Hebrew*, would reply gravely; you are miſtaken

Sir, I find the Seeds of great and profound Matter in the Soul of this Young Maid, which ought to be nouriſht, now while ſhe was Young, and they will grow up to very great Perfection; I find *Atlante* capable of all the Noble Vertues of the Mind, and am infinitely miſtaken in my Obſervations, and *Art* of *Phiſiognomy*, if *Atlante* be not born for greater things than her Fortune does now promiſe, ſhe will be very Conſiderable in the World, believe me, and this will arrive to her perfectly from the Force of her Charms: *De Pais* was extreamly overjoy'd to hear ſuch good Propheſi'd to *Atlante*, and from that time, ſet a ſort of an Eſteem upon her, which he did not on *Charlot* his Younger; who by the perſwaſions of *Vernole*, he reſolv'd to put in a Monaſtery, that what he had might deſcend to *Atlante*, not but he confeſſ'd

confeſs'd *Charlot* had Beauty, extreamly attractive, and a Wit that promis'd much, when it ſhould be cultivated by Years and Experience; and would ſhew it ſelf with great advantage, and Luſtre in a Monaſtery; all this pleaſed *De Pais* very well, who was eaſily perſwaded, ſince he had not a Fortune to marry her well in the World.

As yet *Vernole* had never ſpoke to *Atlante* of Love; nor did his Gravity think it Prudence, to diſcover his Heart to ſo Young a Maid, he waited her more ſenſible Years, when he could hope to have ſome return. And all he expected from this her tender Age, was by his daily converſe with her, and the Preſents, he made her ſuitable to her Years, to ingratiate himſelf inſenſibly into her Friendſhip and Eſteem: Since ſhe was not yet capable of Love, but even in that he miſtook

his

his Aim, for every day, he grew more and more diſagreeable to *Atlante*, and would have been her Abſolute Averſion, had ſhe known, ſhe had every day entertained a Lover, but as ſhe grew in Years and Senſe, he ſeemed the more deſpicable in her Eyes as to his Perſon, but as ſhe had reſpect to his Parts and Qualities, ſhe paid him all the Complaiſance ſhe could, and which was due to him; and it muſt be confeſs'd, tho' he had a ſtiff Formality in all he ſaid and did, yet he had Wit and Learning, and was a great *Philoſopher*; as much of his Learning, as *Atlante* was capable of attaining to, he made her Miſtreſs of, and that was no ſmall Portion, for all his Diſcourſe was fine and eaſily comprehended, his Notions of *Philoſophy* fit for *Ladies*; and he took greater pains with *Atlante*, than any Maſter would have done with a Scholar; ſo that it was moſt certain

certain, he added very great Accompliſhments to her Natural Wit, and the more becauſe ſhe took a very great Delight in *Philoſophy*; which very often made her Impatient of his coming: Eſpecially when ſhe had many Queſtions, to ask him concerning it, and ſhe wou'd often receive him, with a Pleaſure in her Face; which he did not fail to interpret to his own Advantage, being very apt to flatter himſelf, her Siſter *Charlot* would often ask her, how ſhe could give whole afternoons to ſo diſagreeable a Man: What is it, ſaid She, that charms you ſo, his Tawny Leather Face, his extraordinary high Noſe, his wide Mouth and Eye-brows, that hang Lowring over his Eyes, his lean Carcaſs, and his Lame and Haulting Hips. But *Atlante* wou'd diſcreetly reply, if I muſt grant all you ſay of Count *Vernole* to be true,

true yet he has a Wit and Learning, that will attone ſufficiently for all thoſe Faults you mention: A fine Soul is infinitely to be preferr'd to a fine Body; this decays, but that's Eternal; and Age that ruins one, refines the other; Tho' poſſibly *Atlante* thought as ill of the Count, as her Siſter; yet in Reſpect to him, ſhe would not own it.

Atlante was now arriv'd to her thirteenth Year, when her Beauty, which every day increas'd, became the diſcourſe of the whole Town; which had already gain'd her as many Lovers as had beheld her, for none ſaw her without Languiſhing for her, or at leaſt but what were in very great Admiration of her, every body talkt of the young and charming *Atlante*, and all the Noble Men who had Sons (knowing the ſmallneſs of her Fortune and the luſtre of her Beauty) would

would ſend them for fear of their being Charm'd with her, either to ſome other part of the World, or exhorted them, by way of precaution, to keep out of her ſight: Old *Bellyuard* was one of theſe Wiſe Parents, and by a timely prevention as he thought of *Rinaldo's* falling in Love with *Atlante*, perhaps, was the occaſion of his being ſo; he had before heard of *Atlante* and of her Beauty; but it had made no impreſſions on his Heart, but his Father no ſooner forbid him Loving, than he felt a new deſire Tormenting him, of ſeeing this lovely and dangerous young Perſon; he wonders at his unaccountable Pain, which daily ſolicits him within, to go where he may behold this Beauty; of whom he frames a thouſand Ideas, all ſuch as were moſt agreeable to him, but then upbraids his fancy for not forming her half ſo delicate

as

as ſhe was, and longs yet more to ſee her, to know how near ſhe approaches to the Picture he has drawn of her in his Mind; and tho he knew ſhe liv'd the next Houſe to him, yet he knew alſo ſhe was kept within like a Vow'd *Nun*, or with the ſeverity of a *Spaniard*: And tho he had a Chamber which had a jetting Window that lookt juſt upon the the door of Monſieur *De Pays*, and that he would watch many hours at a time, in hope, to ſee them go out, yet he could never get a glimps of her; yet he heard ſhe often frequented the Church of our *Lady*: thither then the young *Rinaldo* reſolv'd to go, and did ſo two or three Mornings, in in which time to his unſpeakable grief, he ſaw no Beauty appear that charm'd him, and yet he fancy'd that *Atlante* was there, and that he had ſeen her, that ſome one of thoſe young Ladies,

that

that he ſaw in the Church was ſhe, tho he had no body to inquire of, and that ſhe was not ſo fair as the World reported, for which he would often ſigh as if he had loſt ſome very great Expectation, however he ceas'd not to frequent this Church, and one day ſaw a young Beauty, who at firſt glimps made his Heart leap to his Mouth, and fell trembling again into its wonted place, for it immediately told him that that young Maid was *Atlante*, ſhe was with her Siſter *Charlot*, who was very handſom, but not comparable to *Atlante*. He fixt his Eyes upon her, as ſhe kneel'd at the Altar, which he never remov'd from that charming face as long as ſhe remain'd there, he forgot all Devotion, but what he paid to her, he Ador'd her, he Burnt and Languiſh'd already for her, and found he muſt poſſeſs *Atlante*, or Dye; often as he gaz'd upon her

he

he saw her fair Eyes lifted up towards his, where they often met, which she perceiving would cast hers down into her Bosom or on her Book, and blush as if she had done a Fault: *Charlot* perceiv'd all the Motions of *Rinaldo*, how he folded his Arms, how he sight, and how he gaz'd on her Sister; she took Notice of his Cloaths, his Garniture and every particular of his Dress, as young Girls use to do, and seeing him so very handsom, and so much better dress't than all the young *Cavaliers* that were in the Church, she was very much pleas'd with him, and could not forbear saying in a low voice to *Atlante*, look, look, my Sister, what a pretty *Monsieur* yonder is, see how fine his Face is, how delicate his Hair, how gallant his Dress, and do but look how he gazes on you? This wou'd make *Atlante* blush anew, who durst not raise her Eyes for fear

she

ſhe ſhould incounter his. While he had the pleaſure to imagine they were talking of him, and he ſaw in the pretty Face of *Charlot*, that what he ſaid was not to his diſadvantage, and by the bluſhes of *Atlante*, that ſhe was not diſpleas'd with what was ſpoken to her; he perceiv'd the young one importunate with her, and *Atlante* jogging her with her *Elbow*, as much as to ſay, hold your peace, all this he made a very kind Interpretation of, and was tranſported with Joy at the good *Omens*, he was willing to flatter his new Flame, and to Complement his young Deſire, with a little Hope; but the divine Ceremony ceaſing, *Atlante* left the Church, and it being very fair weather ſhe walkt home, *Rinaldo*, who ſaw her going, felt all the Agonys of a Lover, who parts with all that can make him Happy, and ſeeing only *Atlante* attended with her Siſter,

and

and a Foot-man, following with their Books, he was a thouſand times about to ſpeak to 'em, but he no ſooner advanc'd a ſtep or two towards 'em, to that purpoſe (for he followed them) but his Heart fail'd, and a certain awe and reverence, or rather the fears and tremblings of a Lover, prevented him, but when he conſider'd that poſſibly he might never have ſo favourable an opportunity again, he reſolv'd anew, and call'd up ſo much Courage to his Heart as to ſpeak to *Atlante*, but before he did ſo, *Charlot* looking behind her, ſaw *Rinaldo* very near to 'em, and cry'd out with a voice of Joy: Oh! Siſter, Siſter, look where the handſom *Monſieur*, is juſt behind us, ſure he is ſome body of Quality, for ſee he has two Foot-men that follow him in juſt ſuch Liveries, and ſo Rich, as thoſe of our Neighbour *Monſieur Bellyard*: at this

this *Atlante* could not forbear, but before ſhe was aware of it, turn'd her Head and lookt on *Rinaldo*, which incourag'd him to advance, and putting off his Hat, which he clapt under his Arm, with a low Bow, ſaid, Ladies you are ſo ſlenderly attended, and ſo many Accidents arrive to the fair in the rude Streets, that I humbly implore you will permit me, whoſe Duty it is, as a Neighbour, to wait on you to your Door, Sir, ſaid *Atlante* bluſhing, we fear no inſolence, and need no Protector, or if we did we ſhould not be ſo rude to take you out of your way to ſerve us; Madam, ſaid he, my way lyes yours, I live at the next door and am Son to *Bellyaurd* your Neighbour; but *M*adam added he, if I were to go all my Life out of the way to do you Service, I ſhould take it for the greateſt Happineſs, that could arrive to me, but *M*adam, ſure

ſure a Man can never be out of his way, who has the Honour of ſo Charming Company, *Atlante* made no reply at this, but bluſht and bow'd, but *Charlot* ſaid, Nay Sir, if you are our Neighbour we will give you leave to Conduct us home; but pray Sir, how came you to know we are your Neighbours, for we never ſaw you before to our knowledge. My pretty *Mis*, reply'd *Rinaldo*, I knew it from the tranſcendent Beauty that appear'd in your Faces and fine Shapes, for I have heard there was no Beauty in the World like that of *Atlante's*, and I no ſooner ſaw her but my Heart told me it was ſhe; Heart, ſaid *Charlot*, Laughing, why does Heart uſe to ſpeak; the moſt intelligibly of any thing, reply'd *Rinaldo*, when 'tis tenderly toucht, when 'tis charm'd and tranſported, at theſe words he ſight, and *Atlante* to his extream ſatisfaction bluſht;

toucht

toucht, charm'd and tranſported, ſaid *Charlot*, what's that? and how do you do to have it be all theſe things? for I would give any thing in the World to have my Heart ſpeak: Oh! ſaid *Rinaldo*, your Heart is too young, it is not yet arriv'd to the Years of ſpeaking, about thirteen or fourteen it may poſſibly be ſaying a thouſand ſoft things to you, but it muſt firſt be inſpir'd by ſome Noble Object, whoſe Idea it muſt retain; what reply'd, this pretty Pratler, I'le warrant I muſt be in Love? Yes, ſaid *Rinaldo*, moſt paſſionately, or you will have but little Converſation with your Heart, Oh! reply'd ſhe, I am afraid the pleaſure of ſuch a Converſation will not make me amends for the Pain that Love will give me, that, ſaid *Rinaldo*, is according as the Object is kind, and as you hope, if he Love, and you hope you will have a double Pleaſure, and in

this

this how great an advantage have you fair Ladies above us *Men*: 'tis almoſt impoſſible for you to Love in vain, you have your choice of a thouſand Hearts which you have ſubdu'd, and may not only chuſe your Slaves but be aſſur'd of 'em; without ſpeaking you are belov'd, it needs not coſt you a ſigh or tear; but unhappy Man is often deſtin'd to give his Heart, where it is not regarded, to ſigh, to weep and languiſh without any hope of Pitty. You ſpeak ſo feelingly, Sir ſaid *Charlot*, that I am afraid this is your Caſe; Yes, Madam, reply'd *Rinaldo*, ſighing, I am that unhappy *Man*; indeed 'tis pitty ſaid ſhe, pray how long have you been ſo? ever ſince I heard of the charming *Atlante*, reply'd he, ſighing again, I ador'd her Character, but now I have ſeen her, I dye for her; for me, Sir, ſaid *Atlante* (who had not yet ſpoke, this is the common Com-

compliment of all the young Men, who pretend to be Lovers, and if one ſhould pitty all thoſe fighers, we ſhou'd have but very littel left for our ſelves; I believe, ſaid *Rinaldo*, there are none that tell you ſo, who do not mean as they ſay, yet among all thoſe adorers and thoſe that ſay they will dye for you, you will find none will be ſo good as their words as *Rinaldo*, perhaps ſaid *Atlante*, of all thoſe who tell me of dying, there are none that tell it with ſo little reaſon as *Rinaldo*, if that be your Name Sir; *Madam* it is, ſaid he, and who am Tranſported with an unſpeakable joy, to hear thoſe laſt words from your fair mouth, and let me Oh! Lovely *Atlante*, aſſure you that what I have ſaid, are not words of Courſe, but proceed from a heart that has vow'd it ſelf, eternally yours, even before, I had the happineſs to behold this Divine Perſon, but

now that my Eyes have made good all my heart before imagin'd, and did but hope, I ſwear I will dye a Thouſand deaths, rather then violate what I have ſaid to you, that I adore you, that my Soul and all my faculties are charm'd with your Beauty and Innocence, and that my Life and Fortune, not inconſiderable, ſhall be laid at your Feet: this he ſpoke with a fervency of paſſion, that left her no doubt of what he had ſaid; yet ſhe bluſht for ſhame, and a little angry at her ſelf, for ſuffering him to ſay ſo much to her, the very firſt time ſhe ſaw him, and accuſed herſelf for giving him any incouragement: and in this confuſion ſhe reply'd, Sir, you have ſaid too much to be believ'd, and I cannot imagin ſo ſhort an acquaintance can make ſo conſiderable an Impreſſion, of which confeſſion I accuſe

accuſe my ſelf much more than you, in that I did not only harken to what you ſaid, without forbiding you to entertain me at that rate, but for unheedily ſpeaking ſomething, that has incouragʼd this boldneſs; for ſo muſt I call it in a Man, ſo great a ſtranger to me: *Madam*, ſaid he, if I have offended by the ſuddaineſs of my preſumptious diſcovery, I beſeech you to conſider my reaſons for it, the few opportunities I am like to have, and the impoſſibility of waiting on you, both from the ſeverity of your Father and mine; who ʼere I ſaw you, warnʼd me of my Fate, as if he foreſaw, I ſhould fall in Love as ſoon as I ſhould chance to ſee you; and for that reaſon has kept me cloſer to my Studies, than hitherto I have been, and from that time I began to feel a Flame, which was kindled by report alone, and the Deſ-

cription my Father gave of your wonderous and dangerous Beauty: therefore *Madam*, I have not ſuddainly told you of my paſſion, I have been long your Lover, and have long Languiſht without telling of my Pain, and you ought to Pardon it now, ſince it is done with all the reſpect and Religious Awe, that 'tis poſſible for a heart to deliver and unload it ſelf in; therefore *Madam*, if you have by chance uttered any thing, that I have taken advantage or hope from, I aſſure you 'tis ſo ſmall, that you have no reaſon to repent it; but rather if you wou'd have me live, ſend me not from you, without a confirmation of that little hope; ſee *Madam*, ſaid he, more earneſtly and trembling, ſee we are almoſt arriv'd at our homes, ſend me not to mine in a deſpair, that I cannot ſupport with Life, but tell me I ſhall be bleſt

bleſt with your Sight ſometimes in your Balcony, which is very near to a jetting Window in our Houſe, from whence I have ſent many a longing look towards yours, in hope to have ſeen my Souls Tormenter; I ſhall be very unwilling, ſaid ſhe, to enter into an intreague of Love, or Friendſhip with a Man, whoſe Parents will be averſe to my happineſs, and poſſibly mine as refractory, though he cannot but know ſuch an Alliance wou'd be very conſiderable; my Fortune being not ſuitable to yours, I tell you this, that you may withdraw in time from a Engagement, in which I find there will be a great many Obſtacles Oh! *Madam* reply'd *Rinaldo*, ſighing, if my Perſon be not diſagreeable to you; you will have no cauſe to fear the reſt, 'tis that I dread, and that which is all my fear, he ſighing beheld her with a Languiſhing look, that told her, he ex-

pected her anſwer, when ſhe reply'd, Sir, if that will be Satisfaction enough for you at this time, I do aſſure you, I have no averſion for your Perſon, in which I find more to be vallu'd than in any I have yet ſeen, and if what you ſay be real, and proceed from a heart truly affected, I find in ſpight of me, you will oblige me to give you hope.

They were come ſo near their own Houſes, that he had not time to return her any anſwer, but with a low bow he acknowledg'd her Bounty, and expreſt the joy her laſt words had given him, by a look that made her underſtand, he was charm'd and pleas'd, and ſhe bowing to him, with an Air of ſatisfaction in her Face, he was well aſſured, there was nothing to be ſeen ſo lovely as ſhe then appear'd, and left her to go into her own Houſe, but till ſhe was out of ſight,

ſight, he had not Power to ſtir, and then ſighing retired to his own Apartment, to think over all that had paſt between them, he found nothing but what gave him a thouſand joys, in all ſhe had ſaid; and he bleſt this happy day, and wonder'd how his Stars came ſo kind, to make him in one hour at once ſee *Atlante*, and have the happineſs to know from her own mouth, that he was not diſagreeable to her, yet with this ſatisfaction, he had a thouſand thoughts mixt, which were tormenting, and thoſe were the fear of their Parents, he foreſaw from what his Father had ſaid to him already, that it would be difficult to draw him to a conſent of his Marriage with *Atlante*, theſe joys and fears were his companions all the Night, in which he took but little reſt. Nor was *Atlante* without her inquietudes: ſhe found *Rinaldo* more

in her thoughts, than ſhe wiſht, and a ſuddain change of humour, that made her know ſomething was the matter with her, more then uſual; ſhe calls to mind *Rinaldo's* ſpeaking of the converſation with his heart, and found hers wou'd be tatling to her, if ſhe would give way to it, and yet the more ſhe ſtrove to avoid it, the more it importun'd her, and in ſpight of all her reſiſtance, would tell her, that *Rinaldo* had a thouſand charms, it tells her that he Loves and adores her, and that ſhe would be the moſt cruel of her Sex, ſhould ſhe not be ſenſible of his paſſion, ſhe finds a thouſand graces in his Perſon and Converſation, and as many advantages in his Fortune, which was one of the moſt conſiderable in all thoſe Parts, for his Eſtate exceeded that of the moſt Noble Men in *Orleance*, and ſhe imagins ſhe ſhould be the moſt

Fortunate

Fortunate of all Woman-kind in ſuch a Match; with theſe thoughts, ſhe imploy'd all the hours of the Night, ſo that ſhe lay ſo long in Bed the next day, that Count *Vernole*, who had invited himſelf to Dinner, came before ſhe had quitted her Chamber, and ſhe was forc'd to ſay ſhe had not been well; he had brought her a very fine Book, newly come out, of *Delicate Philoſophy*, fit for the ſtudy of Ladies, but he appeared ſo diſagreeable to that heart, wholly taken up with a new and fine Object, that ſhe could now hardly pay him that civility, ſhe was wont to do, while on the otherſide, that little State and Pride *Atlante* aſſum'd, made her appear the more charming to him, ſo that if *Atlante* had no mind to begin a new Leſſon of *Philoſophy*, while ſhe fancy'd her thoughts were much better employ'd, the *Count* every

moment expreſſing his tenderneſs and paſſion, had as little an inclination to inſtruct her, as ſhe was to be inſtructed; Love had taught her a new Leſſon, and he would fain teach her a new Leſſon of Love, but fears it will be a diminiſhing of his *Gravity* and *Grandure*, to open the Secrets of his heart to ſo young a Maid, he therefore thinks it more agreeable to his Quality and Years, being about forty, to uſe her Father's Authority in this Affair, and that it was ſufficient for him, to declare himſelf to *Monſieur De Pais*, who he knew would be Proud of the Honour he did him ſometime paſt, before he could perſwade himſelf, even to declare himſelf to her Father; he fancies the little coldneſs and Pride he ſaw in *Atlante's* Face, which was not uſual, proceeded from ſome diſcovery of Paſſion, which his Eyes had made, or now

and

and then a Sigh, that unawares broke forth, and accuſes himſelf of a Levity below his Quality and the Dignity of his Wit and Gravity: and therefore aſſumes a more rigid and formal Behavior then he was wont, which render'd him yet more diſagreeable than before; and 'twas with greater pain than ever, ſhe gave him that reſpect which was due to his Quality.

Rinaldo after a reſtleſs Night, was up very early in the Morning, and tho' he was not certain of ſeeing his Adorable *Atlante*, he dreſt himſelf with all that care, as if he had been to have waited on her, and got himſelf into the Window, that overlooks *Monſieur De Pays* his Balcony, where he had not remain'd long, before he ſaw the pretty *Charlot* come into it, not with any deſign of ſeeing *Rinaldo*, but to look and gaze about her a little,

Rinaldo

Rinaldo ſaw her, and made her a very low Reverence, and found ſome diſordered Joy on the ſight of even *Charlot*, ſince ſhe was Siſter to *Atlante*, he call'd to her (for the Window was ſo near her, he could eaſily be heard by her) and told her he was infinitely indebted to her Bounty, for giving him an opportunity yeſterday of falling on that diſcourſe, which had made him the happieſt Man in the World, he ſaid, if ſhe had not by her agreeable Converſation incourag'd him, and drawn him from one word to another, he ſhould never have had the confidence to have told *Atlante*, how much he ador'd her; I am very glad, reply'd *Charlot*, that I was the occaſion of the beginning of an Amour which was diſpleaſing to neither one nor to the other, for I aſſure you for your comfort, my Siſter nothing but thinks on you, we lye together and you have

have taught her already to ſigh ſo, that I could not ſleep for her; at this his Face was covered over with a riſing Joy which his Heart could not contain, and after ſome more diſcourſe in which this innocent Girl diſcover'd more then *Atlante* wiſht ſhe ſhould, he beſought her to become his Advocate, and ſince ſhe had no Brother, to give him leave to aſſume that Honour, and call her Siſter, thus by degrees he flattered her into a conſent of carrying a Letter from him to *Atlante*, which ſhe who believ'd all as innocent as her ſelf, and being not forbid to do ſo, immediately conſented to, when he took his Pen and Ink that ſtood in the Window with Paper, wrote *Atlante* this following Letter.

Rinaldo

Rinaldo to *Atlante.*

IF my Suit be ſo ſevere as to deny me the happineſs of ſighing out my pain and paſſion daily at your Feet, if there be any Faith in the Hope you were pleas'd to give me (as 'twere a Sin to doubt,) do not, Oh Charming Atlante! *ſuffer me to Languiſh both without beholding you, and without the bleſſing of now and then a Billet in anſwer to thoſe that ſhalt daily aſſure you of my eternal Faith and Vows, 'tis all I ask till Fortune and our Affairs ſhall allow me the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of Claiming you, yet if your Charity can ſometimes afford me a ſight of you, either from your Balcony in the Evening, or at Church in the Morning, it would ſave me from that Diſ-*

pair

pair and Torment, which muſt poſ-ſeſs a Heart ſo unaſſured as that of,

Your Eternal Adorer
Rin. Bellyuard.

He having Writ and Seal'd this, toſt it into the Balcony to *Charlot*, having firſt look'd about to ſee if none perceiv'd them; ſhe put it in her Boſom and ran into her Siſter, whom by chance ſhe found alone, *Vernole* having taken *De Pays* into the Garden to Diſcourſe with him concerning the ſending *Charlot* to the Monaſtery, which work he deſir'd to ſee perform'd, before he declar'd his intentions to *Atlante*, for among all his other good qualities, he was very avaritious, and as fair as *Atlante* was he thought ſhe would be much fair-

er

er with the Addition of *Charlot*'s Portion: this Affair of his with *Monſieur De Pays* gave *Charlot* an opportunity of delivering her Letter to her Siſter, who no ſooner drew it from her Boſom, but *Atlante's* Face was covered over with Bluſhes, for ſhe imagin'd from whence it came, and had a ſecret Joy in that imagination; tho' ſhe thought ſhe muſt put on the Severity and Niceneſs of a Virgin, who would not be thought to have ſurrender'd her Heart with ſo ſmall an Aſſault, and the firſt too; ſo ſhe demanded from whence *Charlot* had that Letter, who reply'd with joy, from the fine Young Gentleman, our Neighbour; at which *Atlante* aſſum'd all the gravity ſhe could, to chide her Siſter, who reply'd, well Siſter had you this day ſeen him, you would not have been angry to have receiv'd a Letter from him, he lookt ſo handſom,

and

and was ſo richly dreſt, ten times finer then he was Yeſterday; and I promis'd him you ſhould read it, therefore pray let me keep my word with him, and not only ſo, but carry him an Anſwer, well, ſaid *Atlante*, to ſave your Credit with *Monſieur Rinaldo*, I will read it, which ſhe did and finiſht with a ſigh; while ſhe was reading it, *Charlot* ran into the Garden to ſee if they were not likely to be ſurpris'd, and finding the *Count*, and her Father, ſet in an Arbour in deep Diſcourſe, ſhe brought Pen, Ink and Paper to her Siſter, and told her ſhe might Write without the fear of being diſturb'd, and urg'd her ſo long to what was enough her inclination, ſhe at laſt obtain'd this Anſwer;

Atlante to *Rinaldo.*

CHarlot, *your little importunate Advocate has at laſt ſubdu'd me to a Conſent of returning you this; ſhe has put me on an Affair, which I am wholly unacquainted with; and you ought to take this very kindly from me, ſince 'tis the very firſt time I ever Writ to one of your Sex, tho' perhaps I might with leſs danger have done it to any other Man; I tremble while I Write, ſince I dread a Correſpondence of this Nature, which may inſenſibly draw us into an inconvenience, and engage me beyond the limits of that Nicety, I ought to preſerve; for this way we venture to ſay a thouſand little kind things which in Converſation we dare not do, for now none can ſee us bluſh; I am ſenſible I ſhall this way put my ſelf too ſoon into your power,*

and

and tho' you have abundance of Merit, I ought to be aſham'd of Confeſſing, I am but too ſenſible of them; —— but hold —— I ſhall diſcover for your Repoſe (which I would preſerve) too much of the Heart of

Atlante.

She gave this Letter to *Charlot*, who immediately ran into the Balcony with it, where ſhe ſtill found *Rinaldo* in a Melancholly poſture, leaning his Head on his Hand, ſhe ſhow'd him the Letter, but was afraid to toſs it to him, for fear it might fall to the ground, ſo he ran and fetcht a long Cane which he cleft at one End, and holding it where ſhe put the Letter into the Cleft, and ſtaid not to hear what he ſaid to it, but never was Man ſo tranſported with Joy, as he was

at

at the reading of this Letter; it gives him new wounds; for to the generous, nothing obliges Love ſo much as Love; tho 'tis now too much the Nature of that inconſtant Sex to ceaſe to Love as ſoon as they are ſure of the Conqueſt. But it was far different with our *Cavalier*, he was the more inflam'd by imagining he had made ſome impreſſions on the Heart of *Atlante*, and kindled ſome ſparks there, that in time might increaſe to ſomething more; ſo that he now reſolves to dye hers, and conſidering all the Obſtacles that may poſſibly hinder his Happineſs, he found none but his Fathers obſtinacy, perhaps occaſion'd by the meanneſs of *Atlante's* Fortune, to this he urg'd again that he was his only Son, and a Son whom he lov'd equal to his own Life; and that certainly as ſoon as he ſhould behold him dying for *Atlante*, which

if

if forc'd to quit he muſt be, that then he believ'd the tenderneſs of ſo fond a Parent, would break forth into Pitty and Compaſſion, and plead within for his Conſent: theſe were the thoughts that flattered this Young Lover all the day, and whether he were Riding the great Horſe, or at his Study of Philoſophy, or Mathamaticks, Singing or Dancing, or whatever other Exerciſe his Tutors ordered, his thoughts were continually on *Atlante*, and now he profited no more; whatever he ſeem'd to do, every day he fail'd not to Write to her by the Hand of the kind *Charlot*, who young, as ſhe was, had conceiv'd a very great Friendſhip for *Rinaldo*, and fail'd not to fetch his Letters, and bring him Anſwers ſuch as he wiſht to receive; but all this did not ſatisfy our impatient Lover, abſence kill'd, and he was no longer able to

ſupport

ſupport himſelf without a ſight of this Adorable Maid; he therefore implores ſhe will give him that ſatisfaction, and ſhe at laſt grants it, with a better Will than he imagin'd, the next day was the appointed time, when ſhe would under pretence of going to Church give him an aſſignation, and becauſe all public places were dangerous, and might make a great noice, and they had no private place to truſt to, *Rinaldo* under pretence of going up the River in his Pleaſure Boat, which he often did, ſent to have it made ready againſt the next day, at ten of the Clock; this was accordingly done and he gave *Atlante* Notice of his deſign of going an hour or two on the River, in his Boat, which lay near ſuch a place, not far from the Church: ſhe and *Charlot* came thether, and becauſe they durſt not come out, without a Foot-

Footman or two, they taking one, ſent him with a *how do ye*, to ſome Young Ladies, and told him he ſhould find them at Church; ſo getting rid of their ſpy, they haſtned to the River ſide, and found a Boat and *Rinaldo* waiting to carry them on Board his little Veſſel, which was richly adorn'd, and a very handſom Collation ready for them of Cold Meats, Sallads and Sweet-meats; as ſoon as they were come into the Pleaſure Boat, unſeen of any, he kneel'd at the Feet of *Atlante*, and there utter'd ſo many paſſionate and tender things to her, with a voice ſo trembling and ſoft, with Eyes ſo Languiſhing, and a Fervency and Fire ſo ſincere, that her young Heart wholly uncapable of Artifice, could no longer reſiſt ſuch Language, and ſuch Looks of Love, ſhe grows tender, and he perceives it in her fine Eyes, who could

could not diſſemble, he reads her Heart in her Looks, and found it yielding apace, and therefore Aſſaults it anew with freſh forces of Sighs and Tears, he implores ſhe would aſſure him of her Heart, which ſhe could no other way do then by yeilding to Marry him; he would carry her to the next Village, there conſummate that Happineſs, without which he was able to live no longer, for he had a thouſand Fears, that ſome other Lover was, or would, ſuddainly be provided for her, and therefore he would make ſure of her, while he had this opportunity; and to that end he anſwered all the Objections, ſhe could make, to the contrary: but ever when he nam'd Marriage, ſhe trembled with fear of doing ſomething that ſhe fancy'd ſhe ought not to do without the Conſent of her Father, ſhe was ſenſible of the Advantage, but had

had been ſo us'd to a ſtrict Obedience, that ſhe could not without Horror think of Violating it, and therefore beſought him, as he valu'd her Repoſe, not to urge her to that, and told him further that if he fear'd any Rival, ſhe would give him what other Aſſurance and Satisfaction he pleas'd, but that of Marriage, which ſhe could not conſent to, till ſhe knew ſuch an Aliance would not be Fatal to him; for ſhe fear'd as paſſionately as he lov'd her, when he ſhould find ſhe had occaſion'd him the loſs of his Fortune, or his Fathers Affection, he would grow to hate her; tho' he anſwered to this, all that a fond Lover could urge, yet ſhe was reſolv'd, and he was forc'd to content himſelf with obliging her by his Prayers and Proteſtations, his Sighs and his ſhowers of Tears to a Contract, which they ſolemnly made each

other, vowing on either ſide, that they would never Marry any other, this being ſolemnly concluded, he aſſum'd a Look more Gay and Contented than before, he preſented her a very rich Ring, which ſhe durſt not put on her Finger, but hid it in her Boſom: and beholding each other now as Man and Wife, ſhe ſuffer'd him all the decent Freedoms he could wiſh to take, ſo that the hours of this Voyage ſeem'd the moſt ſoft and charming of his Life, and doubtleſs they were ſo, every touch of *Atlante* tranſported him, every look pierc'd his Soul, and he was all Raptures of Joy, when he conſider'd this charming lovely Maid was his own.

Charlot all this while was gazing above Deck, admiring the motion of the little Veſſel, and how eaſily the Wind and Tide bore her up the River; ſhe had never been

been in any thing of this Kind before, and was very well pleaſed and entertain'd, when *Rinaldo* call'd her down to eat, where they enjoy'd themſelves as well as was poſſible, and *Charlot* was wondering to ſee ſuch a Content in their Eyes.

But now they thought it was high time for them to return, they fancy the Footman miſſing them at Church, would go home and Alarm their Father, and the Knight of the ill Favour'd Countenance, as *Charlot* call'd Count *Vernole*, whoſe ſeverity put their Father on a greater reſtriction of them than naturally he would do of himſelf: At the Name of this Count, *Rinaldo* chang'd colour, fearing he might be ſome Rival, and asked *Atlante*, if this *Vernole* was akin to her, ſhe anſwered No; but was a very great Friend to her Father, and one who from their Infancy, had had a particular con-

cern for their breeding, and was her Maſter for *Philoſophy*. Ah! reply'd *Rinaldo* ſighing, this Man's concern muſt proceed from ſomething more than Friendſhip for her Father, and therefore conjured her to tell him, whether he were not a Lover? A Lover reply'd *Atlante*; I aſſure you, he is a perfect *Antidote* againſt that Paſſion; and tho' ſhe ſuffered his Ugly Preſence now, ſhe ſhould loath and hate him, ſhould he name but Love to her.

She ſaid, ſhe believ'd ſhe need not fear any ſuch Perſecution, ſince he was a Man, who was not at all Amorous, that he had too much of the *Satyr* in his Humour to harbour any ſoftneſs there: and Nature had form'd his Body to his Mind, wholly unfit for Love; and that he might ſet his Heart abſolutely at reſt, ſhe aſſur'd him her Father had never yet propos'd any marriage to her, tho' many advantagious

advantagious ones are offer'd him every day.

The Sails being turn'd to carry them back from whence they came; after having diſcours'd of a thouſand things, and all of Love and Contrivance to carry on their Mutual Deſign, they with Sighs parted, *Rinaldo* ſtaying behind in the Pleaſure Boat, and they going a Shore in the Whery, that attended; after which he caſt many an Amorous and ſad Look, and perhaps was anſwer'd by thoſe of *Atlante*.

It was paſt Church time two or three Hours; when they arriv'd at Home wholly unprepared with an excuſe, ſo Abſolutely was *Atlante's* Soul poſſeſt with Softer Buſineſs. The firſt Perſon they met withal was the Footman, who open'd the Door, and began to cry out, how long he had waited in the Church, and how in Vain; without giving them

time to reply, *De Pais* came towards 'em, and with a Frowning Look, demanded where they had been? *Atlante* who was not accuſtomed to Excuſes and Untruth, was a while at a ſtand, when *Charlot* with a Voice of Joy cryed out, Oh Sir we have been a Board of a fine little Ship: At this *Atlante* bluſht fearing ſhe would tell the Truth. But ſhe proceeded on, and ſaid; that they had not been above a Quarter of an Hour at Church, when the *Lady*—with ſome other *Ladies* and *Cavaliers*, were going out of the Church, and that ſpying them, they wou'd needs have them go with 'em; my Siſter Sir, continued ſhe, was very loath to go, for fear you ſhould be angry, but my *Lady*——was ſo importunate with her on one ſide, and I on the other; becauſe I never ſaw a little Ship in my Life, that at laſt we prevailed with her, therefore good Sir, be not angry. He promiſed

miſed them he was not, and when they came in, they found Count *Vernole*, who had been inſpiring *De Pais* with Severity, and councel'd him to chide the Young *Ladies*, for being too long Abſent, under Pretence of going to their Devotion, nor was it enough for him to ſet the Father on, but himſelf with a Gravity, where Concern and *Malice* were both apparent, reproacht *Atlante*, with Levity, and told her, he believ'd ſhe had ſome other Motive, then the Invitation of a *Lady*, to go on Ship-board, and that ſhe had too many Lovers, not to make them doubt that this was a Deſign'd thing, and that ſhe had heard Love from ſome one, for whom it was deſigned: To this ſhe made him but a ſhort reply, that if it was ſo, ſhe had no reaſon to conceal it, ſince ſhe had Senſe enough to look after herſelf, and if any Body had made Love

to her, he might be assur'd it was some one, whose Quality and Merit deserv'd to be heard; and with a Look of Scorn, she past on to another Room, and left him silently raging within with Jealousie. Which if before she tormented him, this Declaration increas'd it to a Pitch not to be conceal'd. And this Day he said so much to the Father, that he resolv'd forthwith to send *Charlot* to a *Nunery*, and accordingly the next Day, he bid her prepare to go: *Charlot*, who was not yet arrived to the Years of Distinction, did not much regret it, and having no trouble, but leaving her Sister, she prepared to go to a *Nunery* not many Streets from that where she dwelt. The *Lady Abbess* was her Father's Kinswoman, and had treated her very well, as often as she came to visit her, so that with satisfaction enough, she was condemned to a *Monastick* Life.

Life, and was now going for her Probation Year: *Atlante* was troubled at her departure, becauſe ſhe had now no body to bring and to carry Letters between *Rinaldo* and ſhe: However ſhe took her leave of her, and promis'd to come and ſee her, as often as ſhe ſhould be permitted to go abroad, for ſhe fear'd now ſome conſtraint extraordinary would be put upon her, and ſo it happen'd.

Atlante's Chamber was that to which the Balcony belong'd, and though ſhe durſt not appear there in the day time, ſhe could in the Night, and that way give her Lover as many hours of her converſation, as ſhe pleaſed without being perceived: but how to give *Rinaldo* notice of this ſhe could not tell, who not knowing *Charlot* was gone to a *Moneſtary*, waited many days at his Window to ſee her; at laſt they

neither of them knowing who to truſt with any Meſſage, one day when he was, as uſual, upon his watch, he ſaw *Atlante* ſtep into the Balcony, who having a Letter, in which ſhe had put a peice of Led , ſhe toſt it into his Window, whoſe Caſement was open, and run in again unperceived by any but himſelf, the Paper contain'd only this.

My Chamber is that which looks into the Balcony, from whence, tho' I cannot converſe with you in the day, I can at Night when I am retired to go to Bed, therefore be at your Window, Farewel.

There needed no more to make him a dilligent watcher, and accordingly ſhe was no ſooner retired to her Chamber, but ſhe would come into the Balcony, where ſhe fail'd not to ſee him attending at his Window, this happy contrivance was thus carry'd on for many Nights, where they entertain'd

entertain'd one another, with all the indearment that two hearts could dictate, who were perfectly united and assured of each other, and this pleasing Conversation would often last till day appeared, and forced 'em to part.

But old *Belyuard* perceiving his Son frequent that Chamber more then usual, fancy'd something extraordinary must be the the cause of it, and one Night asking for his Son, his *Vallet* told him he was gone into the great Chamber, so this was called: *Belyuard* asked the *Vallet* what he did there, he told him he could not tell, for often he had lighted him thither, and that his Master would take the Candle from him at the Chamber Door, and suffer him to go no further; tho' the Old Gentleman could not imagin, what Affairs he could have alone every Night in that Chamber,

Chamber, he had a curioſity to ſee, and one unlucky Night, putting off his ſhoes he came to the Door of the Chamber which was open, he entered ſoftly, and ſaw the Candle ſet in the Chimney, and his Son at a great open Bay Window; he ſtopt a while to wait when he would turn, but finding him immovable, he advanced ſomething further, and at laſt heard the ſoft Dialogue of Love, between him and *Atlante*, whom he knew to be ſhe, by his often calling her by her Name in their diſcourſe, he heard enough to confirm him how Matters went, and unſeen as he came, he returned, full of indignation and thought how to prevent ſo great an Evil, as this Paſſion of his Son might produce, at firſt he thought to round him ſeverely in the Ear about it, and upbraid him for doing the only thing he had

thought

thought fit to forbid him, but then he thought that would but terrify him for a while, and he would return again, where he had ſo great an inclination if he were near her; he therefore reſolves to ſend him to *Paris*, that by abſence he might forget this young Beauty, that had charmed his Youth: therefore without letting *Rinaldo* know the reaſon, and without taking notice that he knew any thing of his Amour; he came to him one day, and told him all the Maſters he had for the improving him in Noble Sciences were very dull, or very remiſs, and that he reſolved he ſhould go for a Year or two, to the Academy at *Paris*; to this the Son made a thouſand Evaſions, but the Father was poſitive, and not to be perſwaded by all his reaſons, and finding he ſhould abſolutely diſpleaſe him, if he refuſed to go,

and

and not daring to tell him the dear cauſe of his deſire to remain at *Orleance*, he therefore with a breaking heart conſents, to go; nay reſolves it, though it ſhould be his death; but alas! he conſiders that this parting, will not only prove the greateſt Torment upon Earth to him, but that *Atlante* will ſhare in his misfortune, alſo; this thought gives him a double Torment, and yet finds no way to evade it.

The Night that finiſht this fatal day, he goes again to his wonted Station, the Window; where he had not ſight very long, but he ſaw *Atlante* enter the Balcony, he was not able a great while to ſpeak to her, or to utter one word, the Night was light enough to ſee him at the wonted place, and ſhe admires at his ſilence, and demands the reaſon in ſuch obliging Terms, as adds to his grief; and he with a deep ſigh

ſigh reply'd, urge me not my fair *Atlante* to ſpeak, leaſt by obeying you, I give you more cauſe of grief, then my ſilence is capable of doing, and then ſighing again, he held his peace and gave her leave to ask the cauſe of theſe laſt words, but when he made no reply, but by ſighing, ſhe imagin'd it much worſe then indeed it was, and with a trembling and fainting voice ſhe cry'd; Oh! *Rinaldo*, give me leave to Divine that cruel news, you are ſo unwilling to tell me; 'tis ſo, added ſhe, you are deſtin'd to ſome more Fortunate Maid than *Atlante*, at this Tears ſtopt her Speech, and ſhe could utter no more, no my deareſt charmer, reply'd *Rinaldo*, (Elavating his voice) if that were all, you ſhould ſee with what fortitude I would dye, rather than obey any ſuch commands; I am vow'd yours to the laſt moment

ment of my Life, and will be yours in ſpight of all the oppoſition in the World, that cruelty I could evade, but cannot this that threatens me; Ah! cry'd *Atlante*, let Fate do her worſt, ſo ſhe till continue *Rinaldo* mine, and keep that Faith he has ſworn to me intire; what can ſhe do beſides that, can afflict me? ſhe can ſeperate me, cry'd he, for ſome time from *Atlante*. Oh! reply'd ſhe, all misfortunes fall ſo below that, which I firſt imagin'd, that methinks, I do not reſent this, as I ſhou'd otherwiſe have done; but I know when I have a little more conſider'd it, I ſhall even dye with the grief of it, abſence being ſo great an Enemy to Love, and makes us ſoon forget the Object belov'd, this though I never Experienced, I have heard and fear it may be my fate, he then convinc'd her fear with a thouſand new vows, and a thou-

ſand

ſand imprecations of conſtancy; ſhe then asked him, if their Loves were diſcover'd, that he was with ſuch haſt to depart, he told her nothing of that was the cauſe, and he cou'd almoſt wiſh it were diſcover'd ſince he could reſolutely then refuſe to go, but it was only to cultivate his Mind, more effectually than he cou'd do here, 'twas the care of his Father to accompliſh him the more, and therefore he cou'd not contradict it, but, ſaid he, I am not ſent where Seas ſhall part us, nor vaſt diſtances of Earth, but to *Paris*, from whence he might come in two days to ſee her again, and that he wou'd expect from that Balcony, that had given him ſo many happy moments, many more, when he ſhould come to ſee her, he beſought her to ſend him away, with all the ſatisfaction ſhe cou'd, which ſhe could no otherwiſe do, than by giving him

him new aſſurances, that ſhe wou'd never give away that right he had in her, to any other Lover, ſhe vows this with innumerable Tears; and is almoſt angry with him for queſtioning her Faith; he tells her then he has but one Night more to ſtay, and his grief will be unſpeakable, if he ſhou'd not be able to take a better leave of her than at a Window, and that if ſhe wou'd give him leave, he wou'd by a Rope or two, ty'd together, ſo as it may ſerve for ſteps, aſcend her Balcony; he not having time to provide a Ladder of Ropes: ſhe tells him, ſhe has ſo great a confidence in his verture and Love, that ſhe will refuſe him nothing, though it will be a very bold venture for a Maid, to truſt her ſelf with a paſſionate young Man, in ſilence of Night; and though ſhe did not exert a vow from him to

ſecure

ſecure her, ſhe expected he wou'd have a care of her Honour, he ſwore to her, his Love was too Religious for ſo baſe an attempt, there needed not many vows to confirm her Faith, and it was agreed on between 'em, that he ſhould come the next Night into her Chamber.

It happen'd, that Night, as it often did, that Count *Vernole*, lay with *Monſieur De Pays*, which was in a Ground-room juſt under that of *Atlantes*; and as ſoon as ſhe knew all were in Bed, ſhe gave the word to *Rinaldo*, who was attending with the impatience of a paſſionate Lover below under the Window, and who no ſooner heard the Balcony open, but he aſcended with ſome difficulty, and enter'd the Chamber, where he found *Atlante* tremble with joy and fear: he throws himſelf at her Feet, as unable to ſpeak as ſhe, who nothing

nothing but bluſht and bent down her Eyes, hardly daring to glance 'em towards the dear Object of her deſires, the Lord of all her vows, ſhe was aſhamed to ſee a Man in her Chamber, where yet none had ever been alone, and by Night too; he ſaw her fear, and felt her trembling, and after a thouſand ſighs of Love had made way for Speech, he beſought her to fear nothing from him, for his Flame was too ſacred, and his paſſion too Holy to offer any thing, but what Honour with Love might afford him; at laſt he brought her to ſome courage, and the Roſes of her fair Cheeks, aſſum'd their wonted Colour, not bluſhing too Red, nor Languiſhing too Pale: but when the converſation began between them, it was the ſofteſt in the World, they ſaid all, that parting Lovers cou'd ſay, all that wit and tenderneſs

derneſs cou'd expreſs, they exchang'd their vows a new, and to confirm his, he ty'd a Bracelet of *Diamonds* about her Arm, and ſhe return'd him one of her Hair, which he had long beg'd, and ſhe had on purpoſe made, which claſped together with *Diamonds*, this ſhe put about his Arm, and he ſwore to carry it to his Grave; the Night was very far ſpent in tender Vows, ſoft ſighs and Tears on both ſides, and it was high time to part, but as if death had been to have arriv'd to 'em in that Minute, they both linger'd away the time, like Lovers, who had forgot themſelves, and day was near approaching, when he bid farwel, which he repeated very often, for ſtill he was interrupted by ſome commanding ſoftneſs from *Atlante*, and then loſt all his Power of going, till ſhe more couragious and careful of his

intereſt

intereſt, and her own Fame forc'd him from her, and it was happy ſhe did ſo, for he was no ſooner got over the Balcony, and ſhe had flung him down his Rope, and ſhut the Door, but *Vernole* whom Love and Contrivance kept waking, fancy'd ſeveral times he heard a noiſe in *Atlantes* Chamber, and whether in paſſing over the Balcony, *Rinaldo* made any noiſe or not? or whether 'twere ſtill his jealous fancy, he came up in his Night Gown, with a Piſtol in his hand, *Atlante* was not ſo much loſt in grief, though ſhe were all in tears, but ſhe heard a Man come up, and imagin'd it had been her Father, ſhe not knowing of Count *Vernoles* lying in the Houſe that Night, if ſhe had, ſhe poſſibly had taken more care to have ben ſilent, but whoever it was, ſhe cou'd not get to Bed ſoon enough, and therefore

fore turn'd her ſelf to her dreſſing Table, where the Candle ſtood, and where lay a Book open of the ſtory of *Ariadne* and *Theſias*, the *Count* turning the Latch, entered halting into her Chamber, in his Night Gown clapt cloſe about him, which betray'd an ill favour'd ſhape, his Night-cap on, without a Periwig, which diſcovered all his lean wither'd Jaws, his Face pale, and his Eyes ſtaring, and making altogether ſo dreadful a Figure, that *Atlante* who no more dreamt of him, then of a Devil, had poſſibly rather have ſeen the laſt, ſhe gave a great ſcreek, which frighten'd *Vernole*, ſo both ſtood for a while ſtaring on each other, till both were recollected, he told her the care of her Honour, had brought him thither, and then rolling his ſmall Eyes round the Chamber, to ſee if he cou'd diſcover any Body, he proceeded

and

and cry'd *Madam*, if I had no other motive than your being up at this time of Night, or rather of Day, I cou'd eaſily gueſs how you have been entertain'd, what inſolence is this, ſaid ſhe, all in a rage, when to cover your boldneſs, of approaching my Chamber at this hour, you wou'd queſtion how I have been entertained, either explain your ſelf, or quit my Chamber, for I do not uſe to ſee ſuch terrible Objects here; poſſibly thoſe you do ſee, ſaid the *Count*, are indeed more agreeable, but I am afraid have not that regard to your Honour, as I have, and at that word, he ſtept to the Balcony, open'd it, and look out, but ſeeing no Body, he ſhut it too again, this inrag'd *Atlante* beyond all patience, and ſnatching the Piſtol out of his hand, ſhe told him, he deſerved to have it aim'd at his head, for having the impudence

dence to queſtion her Honour, or her conduct, and commanded him to avoid her Chamber as he lov'd his Life; which ſhe believ'd he was fonder of than of her Honour, ſhe ſpeaking this in a Tone wholly Tranſported with rage, and at the ſame time holding the Piſtol towards him, made him tremble with fear, and he now found whether ſhe were guilty or not, it was his turn to beg Pardon; for you muſt know however it came to paſs, that his Jealouſy made him come up in that fierce Poſture, at other times *Vernole* was the moſt tame and paſſive Man in the World, and one who was afraid of his own ſhadow in the Night, he had a natural averſion for danger, and thought it below a Man of Wit or common Sence, to be guitly of that bruital thing called courage or fighting, his *Philoſophy* told him, 't was ſafe ſleeping

in a whole skin, and poſſibly he apprehended as much danger from this *Virago*, as ever he did from his own Sex, he therefore fell on his Knees, and beſought her to hold her fair hand, and not to ſuffer that, which was the greateſt mark of his reſpect to be the cauſe of her hate or indignation, the pittyful Faces he made, and the ſigns of mortal fear in him, had almoſt made her Laugh, at leaſt it allay'd her anger, and ſhe bid him riſe and play the Fool hereafter ſomewhere elſe, and not in her preſence, yet for once ſhe would deign to give him this ſatisfaction, that ſhe was got into a Book, which had many moving Stories very well writ, and that ſhe found her ſelf ſo well entertain'd, ſhe had forgot how the Night paſt; he moſt humbly thankt her for this ſatisfaction and retir'd, perhaps not ſo well ſatisfy'd as he pretended.

After

After this he appear'd more ſubmiſſive and reſpectful towards *Atlante*, and ſhe carryed her ſelf more reſerved and haughty towards him, which was one reaſon he would not yet diſcover his Paſſion.

Thus the time ran on at *Orleance*, while *Rinaldo* found himſelf daily Languiſhing at *Paris*: he was indeed in the beſt Academy in the City amongſt a number of brave and noble Youths. Where all things that could accompliſh them, was to be learnt by thoſe that had any Genius: but *Rinaldo* had other thoughts and other buſineſs, his time was wholly paſt in the moſt Solitary parts of the Garden, by the Melancholly Fountains, and in the moſt Gloomy Shades, where he could with moſt Liberty breath out his Paſſion and his Griefs, he was paſt the Tuterage of a Boy, and his Maſters could not upbraid

him, but found he had ſome ſecret cauſe of Grief which made him not mind theſe Exerciſes which were the delight of the reſt; ſo that nothing being able to divert his Melancholly, which daily increas'd upon him, he fear'd it would bring him into a Fever, if he did not give himſelf the ſatisfaction of ſeeing *Atlante*, he had no ſooner thought of this, but he was impatient to put it into Execution, he reſolves to go (having very good Horſes) without acquainting any of his Servants with it; he got a very handſom and light Ladder of Ropes made which he carryed under his Coat, and away he Rid for *Orleance*, ſtay'd at a little Village till the darkneſs of the Night might favour his Deſign, and then walking about *Atlante's* Lodgings, till he ſaw a light in her Chamber, and then making that noice on his Sword

as was agreed between them, he was heard by his Adorable *Atlante*, and ſuffer'd to mount her Chamber: where he would ſtay till almoſt break of Day and then return to the Village, and take Horſe and away for *Paris* again, this once in a Month was his Exerciſe without which he could not live, ſo that his whole Year was paſt in Riding between *Orleance* and *Paris*, between Exceſs of Grief, and Exceſs of Joy by turns.

'Twas now that *Atlante*, ariv'd to her Fifteenth Year, ſhon out with a luſtre of Beauty greater than ever, and in this Year of the abſence of *Rinaldo*, had carry'd her ſelf with that ſeverity of Life, without the youthful deſire of going abroad, or deſiring any Diverſion, but what ſhe found in her own retir'd thoughts, that *Vernole* wholly unable, longer to conceal

his Paſſion, reſolv'd to make a publication of it, firſt to the Father and then to the lovely Daughter, of whom he had ſome hope, becauſe ſhe had carried her ſelf very well towards him for this year paſt, which ſhe would never have done, if ſhe had imagin'd he would ever have been her Lover, ſhe had ſeen no ſigns of any ſuch misfortune towards her in theſe many Years, he had convers'd with her and ſhe had no cauſe to fear him: when one day her Father taking her into the Garden, told her what Honour and Happineſs was in ſtore for her, and that now the Glory of his fallen Family would riſe again, ſince ſhe had a Lover of an Illuſtrious Blood, ally'd to *Monarchs*, and one whoſe Fortune was newly increas'd to a very conſiderable degree, anſwerable to his Birth, ſhe chang'd Colour at this Diſcourſe, imagin-

ing

ing but too well, who this Illuſtrious Lover was, when *De Pays* proceeded and told her, indeed his Perſon was not the moſt agreeable that ever was ſeen, but he Marryed her to Glory and Fortune, not the Man; and a Woman, ſays he, ought to look no farther.

She needed not any more to inform her who this intended Husband was, and therefore burſting forth into Tears, ſhe throws her ſelf at his Feet, imploring him not to uſe the Authority of a Father, to force her to a thing ſo contrary to her inclinations, aſſuring him ſhe could not conſent to any ſuch thing, and that ſhe would rather dye than yield, ſhe urg'd many Arguments, for this her Diſobedience; But none would paſs for current with the Old Gentleman, whoſe Pride had flatter'd him with hope of ſo conſiderable a Son-

in-Law, he was very much ſurpriſed at *Atlantes* refuſing what he believ'd ſhe would receive with Joy, and finding that no Arguments on his ſide could draw her to an obedient conſent, he grew to ſuch a rage, as very rarely poſſeſt him, vowing if ſhe did not conform her Will to his, he would Abandon her to all the Cruelty of Contempt and Poverty, ſo that at laſt ſhe was forc'd to return him this Anſwer, that ſhe would ſtrive all ſhe could with her Heart, but ſhe verily believ'd ſhe ſhould never bring it to conſent to a Marriage with *Monſieur* the *Count*: the Father continu'd threatning her, and gave her ſome days to conſider of it; ſo leaving her in Tears, he return'd to his Chamber, to conſider what anſwer he ſhould give Count *Vernole*, whom he knew would be impatient to learn what Succeſs he had: and what

what himſelf was to Hope, *De Pays* after ſome conſideration reſolv'd to tell him, ſhe receiv'd the offer, very well; but that he muſt expect a little Maiden Nicety in the caſe, and accordingly did tell him ſo, and he was not at all doubtful of his good Fortune.

But *Atlante*, who reſolv'd to dye a thouſand Deaths rather then break her ſolemn Vows to *Rinaldo*, or to Marry the *Count*, caſt about how ſhe ſhould avoid it, with the leaſt hazard of her Fathers Rage, ſhe found *Rinaldo* the better and more advantagious Match of the two, could they but get his Fathers Conſent, he was Beautiful and Young, his Title was equal to that of *Vernole*, when his Father ſhould dye, and his Eſtate exceeded his, yet ſhe dares not make a diſcovery for fear ſhe ſhould injure her Lover, who at this time, tho ſhe knew

it not, lay ſick of a Fever, while ſhe was wondering that he came not as he us'd to do: however ſhe reſolves to ſend him a Letter, and acquaint him with the misfortune, which ſhe did in theſe Terms.

Atlante to *Rinaldo.*

MY *Fathers Authority would force me to violate my ſacred Vows to you*; *and give them to the* Count Vernole, *whom I mortally hate, yet could wiſh him the greateſt* Monarch *in the World, that I might ſhow you I could even then deſpiſe him for your ſake: my Father is already too much inrag'd by my denial to hear Reaſon from me, if I ſhould confeſs to him, my Vows to you: ſo that I ſee nothing but a proſpect of Death before me, for aſſure your ſelf, my* Rinaldo, *I will*

dye

dye rather then conſent to Marry any other: therefore come my Rinaldo, *and come quickly, to ſee my Funerals, inſtead of thoſe Nuptials they vainly expect from,*

Your Faithful *Atlante.*

This Letter *Rinaldo* receiv'd, and there needed no more to make him fly to *Orleance*; this rais'd him ſoon from his Bed of Sickneſs, and getting immediately to hers, he arriv'd at his Father's Houſe, who did not ſo much admire to ſee him, becauſe he heard he was ſick of a Fever and gave him leave to return if he pleas'd, he went directly to his Fathers Houſe, becauſe he knew ſomewhat of the buſineſs, he was reſolv'd to make his paſſion known as ſoon as he had ſeen

Atlante,

Atlante, from whom he was to take all his meaſures, he therefore fail'd not, when all were in Bed to riſe and go from his Chamber, into the Street; where finding a light in *Atlante*'s Chamber, for ſhe every Night expected him, he made the uſual ſign, and ſhe went into the Balcony, and he having no conveniency of mounting up into it, they diſcourſt, and ſaid all they had to ſay, from thence, ſhe tells him of the *Counts* paſſions, of her Fathers Reſolution and her own, which was rather to dye his than live any bodies elſe, and at laſt as their laſt refuge, they reſolve to diſcover the whole Matter, ſhe to her Father, and he to his, to ſee what Accommodation they could make, if not to dye together: They parted at this reſolve, for ſhe would not permit him longer to ſtay in the Street after ſuch a ſickneſs; ſo he went

went home to Bed but not to ſleep.

The next day at Dinner *Monſigniore Bellyuard* believing his Son abſolutely cur'd by abſence of his paſſion, and ſpeaking of all the News of the Town, among the reſt, told him he was come in good time to Dance at the Wedding of *Count Vernole* with *Atlante*, the Match being agreed on: No Sir, reply'd *Rinaldo*, I ſhall never Dance at the Marriage of Count *Vernole* with *Atlante*, and you will ſee in *Monſieur De Pays* Houſe a Funeral ſooner than a Wedding, and thereupon he told his Father all his paſſion, for that lovely Maid: and aſſur'd him if he would not ſee him laid in his Grave, he muſt conſent to this Match: *Bellyuard* roſe in a fury, and told him he had rather ſee him in the Grave then in the Arms of *Atlante*, not continued he, ſo much for any diſlike

diſlike I have to the Young Lady, or the ſmallneſs of her Fortune, but becauſe I have ſo long warn'd you from ſuch a paſſion, and have with ſuch care endeavour'd by your abſence to prevent it, he traverſt the Room very faſt, ſtill proteſting againſt this Aliance, and was deaf to all *Rinaldo* could ſay, on the other ſide, the day being come wherein *Atlante* was to give her final Anſwer to her Father, concerning her Marriage with *Count Vernole*, ſhe aſſum'd all the Courage and Reſolution ſhe could to withſtand the Storm, that threaten'd a Denial; and her Father came to her, and demanding her Anſwer; ſhe told him, ſhe could not be the Wife of *Vernole*, ſince ſhe was Wife to *Rinaldo*, only Son to *Bellyuard*: if her Father ſtorm'd before, he grew like a Man diſtracted at this Confeſſion, and *Vernole* hearing

hearing them lowd, ran to the Chamber to learn the Cauſe, where juſt as he entered, he found *De Pays* Sword drawn and ready to kill his Daughter, who lay all in Tears at his Feet, he withheld his hand, and asking the cauſe of this Rage, he was told all that *Atlante* had confeſt, which put *Vernole* quite beſide all his Gravity, and made him diſcover the infirmity of Anger, which he us'd to ſay ought to be diſſembl'd by all Wiſe Men, ſo that *De Pays* forgot his own to appeaſe his, but 'twas in vain, for he went out of the Houſe vowing Revenge on *Rinaldo*, and to that end being not very well aſſur'd of his own Courage, as I ſaid before, and being of the Opinion that no Man ought to expoſe his Life to him, who has injur'd him; he hir'd *Swis* and *Spaniſh* Souldiers to attend him in the nature of Foot-men, and watcht

watcht ſeveral Nights about *Bellyards* Door, and that of *De Pays*, believing he ſhould ſometime or other ſee him under the Window of *Atlante*, or perhaps mounting into it, for now he no longer doubted, but this happy Lover was he, whom he fancy'd he heard go from the Balcony that Night, he came up with his Piſtol, and being more a *Spaniard* than a *French* Man in his Nature, he reſolv'd to take him any way Ungarded or Unarmed if he came in his way.

Atlante who heard his threatnings, when he went from her in a rage, fear'd his Cowardiſe might put him on ſome baſe Action, to deprive *Rinaldo* of his Life, and therefore thought it not ſafe to ſuffer him to come to her by Night, as he had before done; but ſent him word in a Note that he ſhould forbear her Window, for *Vernole* had ſworn his

his Death; this Note came unſeen by his Father to his Hands; but this could not hinder him from coming to her Window, which he did as ſoon as it was dark, he came thither, only attended with his Vallet and two Foot-men, for now he cared not who knew the Secret; he had no ſooner made the ſign, but he found himſelf incompaſt with *Vernoles* Bravoes; and himſelf ſtanding at a diſtance, cry'd out, that is he: with that they all drew on both ſides, and *Rinaldo* receiv'd a Wound in his Arm, *Atlante* heard this, and ran crying out that *Rinaldo* preſt by numbers would be kill'd. *De Pays* who was reading in his Cloſet, took his Sword, and ran out, and contrary to all expectation, ſeeing *Rinaldo* Fighting with his back to the Door, pull'd him into the Houſe, and fought himſelf with the Bravoes. Who being very

very much wounded by *Rinaldo*, gave ground and ſheer'd off: and *De Pays* putting up Old *Billo* into the Scabbard went into his Houſe, where he found *Rinaldo* almoſt Fainting with loſs of Blood, and *Atlante* with her Maids binding up his Wound, to whom *De Pays* ſaid, this Charity *Atlante* very well becomes you, and is what I can allow you; and I could wiſh you had no other Motive for this Action: *Rinaldo* by degrees recovered of his Fainting, and as well as his weakneſs would permit him, he got up and made a low Reverence to *De Pays*, telling him, he had now a double Obligation to pay him all the reſpect in the World, firſt for his being the Father of *Atlante*, and ſecondly, for being the Preſerver of his Life, two tyes that ſhould eternally oblige him to Love and Honour him, as his own Parent; *De Pays* reply'd,

ply'd, he had done nothing but what common Humanity compelled him too: but if he would make good that reſpect he profeſt towards him, it muſt be in quitting all hopes of *Atlante*, whom he had deſtin'd to another, or to an eternal incloſure in a Monaſtery, he had another Daughter, whom if he would think worthy of his regard, he ſhould take his Aliance as a very great Honour, but his Word and Reputation, nay his Vows, were paſt to give *Atlante* to *Count Vernole*; *Rinaldo*, who before he ſpoke, took meaſure from *Atlantes* Eyes, which told him, her Heart was his; return'd this Anſwer to *De Pays*: that he was infinitely glad to find by the generoſity of his Offer, that he had no Averſion to his being his Son-in-Law, and that next to *Atlante*, the greateſt Happineſs he could wiſh would be, his receiving

Charlot

Charlot from his hands, but that he could not think of quitting *Atlante*, how neceſſary ſoever it would be for her Glory and his —(the further) Repoſe: *De Pays* would not let him at this time, argue the Matter farther ſeeing he was Ill, and had need of looking after, he therefore begg'd he would for his Healths ſake retire to his own Houſe, whither he himſelf Conducted him; and left him to the care of his Men, who were eſcap'd the Fray; and return'd to his own Chamber, he found *Atlante* retir'd, and ſo he went to Bed full of Thoughts, this Night had increas'd his Eſteem for *Rinaldo*, and leſſen'd it for *Count Vernole*, but his Word and Honour being paſt, he could not break it, neither with ſafety nor honour; for he knew the haughty reſenting Nature of the *Count*, and he fear'd ſome danger might arrive

to

to the brave *Rinaldo*, which troubled him very much, at laſt he reſolv'd, that neither might take any thing ill at his Hands, to looſe *Atlante*, and ſend her to the Monaſtery where her Siſter was, and compel her to be a Nun, this he thought would prevent miſchiefs on both ſides, and accordingly the next day (having in the Morning ſent word to the Lady *Abbeſs* what he would have done, he carries *Atlante* under pretence of viſiting her Siſter, which they often did) to the Monaſtery, where ſhe was no ſooner come, but ſhe was led into the incloſure, her Father he had rather Sacrifice her than ſhe ſhould be the cauſe of the Murther of two ſuch Noble Men as *Vernole* and *Rinaldo*.

The noiſe of *Atlantes* being inclos'd was ſoon ſpread all over the buſie Town, and *Rinaldo* was not the laſt to whom the News arriv'd, he was for a few days

days confin'd to his Chamber, where when alone, he rav'd like a Man diſtracted, but his Wounds had ſo incens'd his Father againſt *Atlante*, that he ſwore he would ſee his Son dye of them rather then ſuffer him to Marry *Atlante*, and was extreamly over-joy'd to find ſhe was Condemn'd for ever to the Monaſtery, ſo that the Son thought it the wiſeſt Courſe, and the moſt for the advantage of his Love, to ſay nothing to contradict his Father, but being almoſt aſſur'd *Atlante* would never conſent to be ſhut up in a Cloyſter and Abandon him, he flatter'd himſelf with hope, that he ſhould ſteal her from thence, and Marry her in ſpight of all oppoſition: this he was impatient to put in Practice he believed, if he were not permitted to ſee *Atlante*, he had ſtill a kind Advocate in *Charlot*, who was now arriv'd to her thirteenth Year,

Year, and infinitely advanc'd in Wit and Beauty. *Rinaldo* therefore often goes to the Monaſtery ſurrounding it, to ſee what poſſibility there was of accompliſhing his Deſign, if he could get her Conſent, he finds it not impoſſible, and goes to viſit *Charlot*, who had command not to ſee him or ſpeak to him; this was a Cruelty he lookt not for, and which gave him an unſpeakable trouble, and without her aid it was wholly impoſſible to give *Atlante* any account of his Deſign, in this perplexity he remain'd many days, in which he Languiſht almoſt to Death, he was diſtracted with thought, and continually hovering about the Nunnery-Walls, in hope at ſometime or other to ſee or hear from the lovely Maid, who alone could make his Happineſs, in theſe Traverſes he often met *Vernole*, who had liberty to ſee her when

when he pleas'd, if it happen'd that they chanc'd to meet in the day time, though *Vernole* were attended with an Equipage of Ruffins, and *Rinaldo* but only with a couple of Footmen, he could perceive *Vernole* ſhun him, grow pale and almoſt tremble with fear ſometimes, and get to the other ſide of the Street, and if he did not, *Rinaldo* having a mortal hate to him, would often bear up ſo cloſe to him, that he would joſtle him againſt the Wall, which *Vernole* would patiently put up and paſeon, ſo that he could never be provok'd to fight by day light, how ſollitary ſoever the place was where they met, but if they chanc'd to meet at night they were certain of Skirmiſh, in which he would have no part himſelf, ſo that *Rinaldo* was often like to be aſſaſſinated, but ſtill came off with ſome ſlight Wound: this continued

tinued ſo long and made ſo great a noiſe in the Town, that the two Old Gentlemen were mightily Alarm'd by it, and *Count Bellyuard* came to *De Pays* one day to diſcourſe with him of this Affair, and *Bellyuard* for the preſervation of his Son, was almoſt conſenting, ſince there was no Remedy, that he ſhould Marry *Atlante*: *De Pays* confeſt the Honour he proffer'd him, and how troubled he was, that his word was already paſt to his Friend the *Count Vernole*, whom he ſaid ſhe ſhould Marry or remain for ever a Nun, but if *Rinaldo* could diſplace his Love from *Atlante*, and place it on *Charlot*, he ſhould gladly conſent to the Match: *Bellyuard* who would now do any thing for the repoſe of his Son, tho he believ'd this exchange would not paſs, yet reſolv'd to propoſe it, ſince by Marrying him, he took

him out of the Danger of *Vernole's* Aſſaſſinates, who wou'd never leave him till they had diſpatcht him, ſhould he marry *Atlante.*

While *Rinaldo* was contriving a thouſand ways to come to ſpeak to, or ſend Billets to, *Atlante*, none of which would ſucceed without the Aid of *Charlot*, his Father came and propoſed this Agreement between *De Pais* and himſelf, to his Son. At firſt *Rinaldo* received it with chang'd Countenance, and a Breaking Heart; but ſwiftly turning from Thought to Thought, he conceiv'd this the only way to come at *Charlot*, and ſo conſequently at *Atlante*, he therefore after ſome diſſembl'd regret conſents, with a ſad put-on-Look: and *Charlot* has notice given her to ſee and entertain *Rinaldo*, as yet they had not told her the Reaſon, which her Father would tell her, when he

he came to visit her, he said, *Rinaldo* overjoy'd at this Contrivance, and his own Dissimulation, goes to the *Monastery*, visits *Charlot*, where he ought to have said something of the Proposition, but wholly bent on other Thoughts, he solicits her to convey some Letters and Presents to *Atlante*, which she readily did, to the unspeakable Joy of the Poor Distrest: sometimes he would talk to *Charlot* of her own Affairs, asking her, if she resolv'd to become a *Nun*: to which she would sigh and say, if she must, it wou'd be extreamly against her Inclinations; and if it pleas'd her Father, she had rather begin the World with any Tollerable Match.

Things past thus for some Days, in which our Lovers were happy, and *Vernole* assur'd he should have *Atlante*. But at last *De Pais* came to visit *Charlot*, who ask'd her if she had seen *Rinaldo*, she answer'd,

ſhe had, and how does he entertain you, replyed *De Pais?* have you receiv'd him as a Husband? and has he behav'd himſelf like one? at this a ſuddain Joy ſeized the Heart of *Charlot*, and loath to confeſs what ſhe had done for him to her Siſter; ſhe hung down her Bluſhing Face to ſtudy for an Anſwer: *De Pais* continu'd, and told her the Agreement between *Bellyaurd* and him, for the ſaving of Bloodſhed: She who bleſt the Cauſe, whatever it was, having always a very great Friendſhip and Tenderneſs for *Rinaldo*, gave her Father a Thouſand Thanks, for his Care, and aſſur'd him, ſince ſhe was commanded by him, ſhe would receive him as her Husband: and the next Day when *Rinaldo* came to viſit her, as he us'd to do, and bringing a Letter with him, wherein he propos'd the Sight of *Atlante*, he found a Coldneſs in *Charlot*, as ſoon as he told

told her his Deſign; and deſired her to carry the Letter, he ask'd the Reaſon of this Change, ſhe tells him, ſhe was inform'd of the Agreement between their two Fathers, and that ſhe lookt upon her ſelf as his Wife, and would act no more as a Confident, that ſhe had ever a Violent Inclination of Friendſhip for him, which ſhe would ſoon improve into ſomething more Soft. He could not deny the Agreement nor his Promiſe, but it was in vain to tell Her, he did it only to get a Correſpondence with *Atlante*; ſhe is Obſtinate, and he as preſſing with all the Tenderneſs of Perſwaſion, he vows he can never be any but *Atlantes*, and ſhe may ſee him die, but never break his Vows; ſhe urges her Claim in Vain, ſo that at laſt ſhe was overcome, and promis'd ſhe would carry the Letter, which was to have her make her Eſcape that Night; he waits

at the Grate for her Anſwer, and *Charlot* returns with one that pleaſed him very well, that was, that Night her Siſter would make her eſcape, and that he muſt ſtand in ſuch a Place of the *Nunery* Wall, and ſhe would come out to him: after this ſhe upbraids him with his falſe promiſe to her, and of her Goodneſs to ſerve him after ſuch a Diſappointment. He receives her Reproaches with a thouſand Sighs, and bemoans his Misfortune in not being capable of more than Friendſhip for her, and vows, that next *Atlante* he Eſteems her of all Womenkind: She ſeems to be obliged by this and aſſur'd him, ſhe would haſten the Flight of *Atlante*, and taking leave, he went Home to order a Coach, and ſome Servants to aſſiſt him.

In the mean time Count *Vernole* came to viſit *Atlante*, but ſhe refuſed to be ſeen by him: and all he could do there that Afternoon

was Entertaining *Charlot* at the Grate, to whom he ſpoke a great many fine things, both of her improv'd Beauty and Wit; and how happy *Rinaldo* would be in ſo fair a Bride, ſhe receiv'd this with all the Civility that was due to his Quality, and their Diſcourſe being at an end, he took his leave, it being towards the Evening.

Rinaldo wholly impatient came betimes to the Corner of the Dead Wall, where he was appointed to ſtand, having ordered his Foot-Men and Coach to come to him as ſoon as it was dark, while he was there walking up and down, *Vernole* came by the End of the Wall to go home, and looking about, he ſaw at the other end *Rinaldo* Walking, whoſe Back was towards him, but he knew him well. And though he fear'd and dreaded his Buſineſs there, he durſt not encounter him, they being both attended but by one

Footman a Piece. But *Vernole*'s Jealouſy and Indignation was ſo high, that he reſolv'd to fetch his *Bravoes* to his aid and come and aſſault him; for he knew he waited there for ſome *Meſſage* from *Atlante*.

In the mean time it grew dark, and *Rinaldo*'s Coach came with another Footman; which were hardly arriv'd, when *Vernole* with his aſſiſtance came to the corner of the Wall, and ſcreening themſelves a little behind it, near to the place vvhere *Rinaldo* ſtood, vvho vvaited now cloſe to a little door, out of vvhich the Gardners us'd to throw the Weeds and Dirt; *Vernole* could perceive anon the door to open, and a Woman come out of it, calling *Rinaldo* by his Name, vvho ſtept up to her, and caught her in his Arms, vvith ſigns of infinite Joy; *Vernole* being now all rage, cry'd to his *Aſſaſſinate*, fall on and kill the Raviſher,

and

and immediately they all fell on; *Rinaldo*, who had only his two Footmen on his ſide, he was forced to let go the Lady, who would have run into the Garden again, but the door fell too and lockt; ſo that while *Rinaldo* was fighting, and beaten back by the *Bravoes*, one of which he laid dead at his *Feet*; *Vernole* came up to the frighted Lady, and taking her by the hand, cry'd, come my fair *Fugitive*, you muſt along with me; ſhe wholly ſcar'd out of her Senſes, was willing to go any where out of the Terror, ſhe heard ſo near her, and without reply, gave her ſelf into his hand, who carryed her directly to her Fathers houſe, where ſhe was no ſooner come, but he told her *Father* all that had paſt, and how ſhe was running away vvith *Rinaldo*, but that his good Fortune brought him juſt in the Lucky Minute, her Father turning to Reproach her found by

by the Light of a Candle, that this was *Charlot* and not *Atlante*; whom *Vernole* had brought Home, at which *Vernole* was Extreamly aſtoniſht. Her Father demanded of her, why ſhe was running away with a Man, who was deſigned her by conſent, yes, ſaid *Charlot*, you had his Conſent Sir, and that of his Father, but I was far from getting it, I found he reſolv'd to die rather then quit *Atlante*, and promiſing him my Aſſiſtance in his *Amour*, ſince he could never be mine, he got me to carry a Letter to *Atlante*, which was to deſire her to fly away with him, inſtead of carrying her this Letter, I told her he was deſign'd for me, and had cancell'd all his Vows to her, ſhe ſwoonded at this News, and being recover'd a little, I left her in the Hands of the *Nuns* to perſwade her to live: which ſhe reſolves not to do without *Rinaldo*, tho' they preſs'd me,

yet

yet I reſolv'd to perſue my Deſign, which was to tell *Rinaldo*, ſhe would obey his kind Summons, he waited for her, but I put my ſelf into his Hands in lieu of *Atlante*, and had not the Count received me, we had been marry'd by this time, by ſome falſe Light that could not have diſcover'd me: But I am ſatisfied if I had, he would never have liv'd with me longer than the Cheat had been undiſcovered, for I find them both reſolv'd to die rather then change; and for my Part, Sir, I was not ſo much in Love with *Rinaldo*, as I was out of Love with a *Nunnery*; and took any Opportunity to quit a Life Abſolutely contrary to my Humours. She ſpoke this with a Gayety ſo brisk, and an Air ſo agreeable, that *Vernole* found it toucht his Heart; and the rather becauſe he found *Atlante* would never be his, or if ſhe were, he ſhould

ſhould be ſtill in Danger from the Reſentment of *Rinaldo*; he therefore bowing to *Charlot*, and taking her by the Hand cry'd, *Madam*; ſince Fortune has diſpos'd you thus Luckily for me, in my Poſſeſſion, I humbly implore you would Conſent, ſhe ſhould make me intirely Happy, and give me the Price for which I fought, and have conquered by my Sword; my *Lord*, reply'd *Charlot*, with a Modeſt Air: I am Superſtitious enough to believe, that ſince Fortune, ſo contray to all our Deſigns, has given me into your Hands, that ſhe from the Beginning Deſtined me to the Honour, which with my Fathers Conſent, I ſhall receive as becomes me: *De Pais* Tranſported with Joy, to find all things would be ſo well brought about, it being all one to him whether *Charlot* or *Atlante* gave him Count *Vernole* for his Son-in-Law readily conſented, and immediately

immediatly a *Prieſt* was ſent for, and they were that Night Marry'd; and it being now not above Seven a Clock, many of their Friends were invited, the Muſic ſent for, and as good a Supper as ſo ſhort a time, wou'd provide was made ready.

All this was perform'd in as ſhort a time, as *Rinaldo* was fighting, and having kill'd one, and wounded the reſt, they all fled before his Conquering Sword, which was never drawn with ſo good a will; when he came where his Coach ſtood, juſt againſt the Back-Garden Door, he lookt for his Miſtriſs, but the Coach-man told him, he was no ſooner ingag'd, but a Man came, and with a thouſand reproaches on her Levity bore her off: this made our young Lover rave, and he is ſatisfy'd ſhe is in the hands of his Rival, and that he had been fighting,

and

and Shedding his Blood, only to ſecure her flight with him; he loſt all patience, and 'twas with much ado his Servants perſwaded him to return, telling him in their Opinion, ſhe was more likely to get out of the hands of his Rival and come to him, than when ſhe was in the Monaſtery.

He ſuffers himſelf to go into his Coach, and be carry'd home, but he was no ſooner alighted, but he heard Muſic, and a noiſe of Feaſtivals at *De Pay's* Houſe, he ſaw Coaches ſurround his door, and Pages and Foot-men with Flamboys: this ſight and noiſe of joy made him ready to ſink down at the Door, and ſending his Foot-man to learn the cauſe of this Triumph, the Pages that waited there, told him that Count *Vernole* was this Night Marry'd to *Monſieur De Pay's* Daughter. He needed no more

to

to deprive him of all ſenſe, and ſtagering againſt his Coach, he was caught by his Foot-men, and carry'd into his Houſe; and to his Chamber, where they put him to Bed all ſenſeleſs as he was, and had much ado to recover him to Life; he asked for his Father with a faint voice, for he deſired to ſee him before he dy'd, it was told him he was gone to Count *Vernoles* Wedding, where there was a perfect peace agreed on between them, and all animoſities laid aſide; at this news *Rinaldo* fainted again, and his Servants called his Father home, and told him in what condition they had brought home their Maſter, recounting to him all that was paſt: he haſted to *Rinaldo*, whom he found juſt recover'd of his Swooning, who putting his hand out to his Father, all cold and trembling, cry'd well Sir, now you are ſatisfy'd, ſince you have ſeen *Atlante* Marry'd to Count *Vernole*, I hope now you will give your unfortunate Son leave to dye, as you wiſht he ſhould rather then give him to the Arms of *Atlante*: here his Speech fail'd, and he fell again in a fit of ſwonding, his Father ready to dye with fear of his Sons death, kneel'd down by his Bed ſide, and after having re-

cover'd him a little, he ſaid to him, my dear Son, I have indeed been at the Wedding of Count *Vernole*, but 'tis not *Atlante* to whom he is Marry'd, but *Charlot*, who was the Perſon, you were bearing from the Monaſtery inſtead of *Atlante*, who is ſtill reſerv'd for you, and who is dying till ſhe hear you are reſerv'd for her, therefore as you regard her Life, make much of your own, and make your ſelf fit to receive her, for her Father and I have agreed the Marriage already; and without giving him leave to thank him, he call'd to one of his Gentlemen, and ſent him to the Monaſtery, with this news to *Atlante*, *Rinaldo* bow'd himſelf as low as he could in his Bed, and kiſt the hand of his Father with tears of joy, but his weakneſs continu'd all next day, and they were fain to bring *Atlante* to him, to confirm his happineſs.

It muſt only be gueſt by Lovers, the perfect joy theſe two received in the ſight of each other, *Bellyuard* received her as his Daughter, and the next day made her ſo with very great ſolemnity, at which were *Vernole* and *Charlot*; between *Rinaldo* and him was concluded a perfect Peace, and all thought themſelves happy in this double Union.

FINIS.